The Fountain of Youth

"Hain't you workin'?"

gasping inquiry. She had climbed, chiudern, enough fer me." with frightful exertion, four flights and

"Come in!" called Mrs. Hendy, agree- was her wont.

raindrop strikes the waiting pavement. pleasing refreshment of agreeable recol-Mrs. Hendy gazed at her with obvious lection, for as her conversation lapsed prompted her, once she had gained of Mrs. Mendy's offensive facial dissome control of her heaving bosom, to play, inquired crisply: remark with ill-concealed gratification: I s'pose you've lost your job to the there like one o' the foolish-house Hair Store, then, if you ain't work- folks

Mrs. Hendy regarded her with placid importance, undisturbed by the animus Frizz retorted severely. of her neighbor's attitude.

"Them stairs is awful on them that's ly-took on flesh," she responded affably. pu "I tell Gus it must be just fierce fer diality at her visitor, who did not return this genial regard. Her reply was giggling at intervals. curt in the extreme.

"I can git around, I guess-an' I'm 'n I was by a lot. Look at that!" She thrust her thumb into the recesses of her apparel and indicated thereby an infinitesimal slack of her "An' it was that tight when I got it," she concluded triumph-

"Ain't that the limit-" commented Mrs. Hendy with appreciation. "You have fell off a lot!"

Somewhat mollified by this, and experiencing relief from the noisy palpitations of her heart, Mrs. Frizz returned to her earlier inquiry with a milder eye. "Why ain't you workin": Has the Hair place busted?"

Mrs. Hendy preened herself in nonchalant pride. "My lands, no! I'm havin' my vacation!'

"Your what?" breathed Mrs. Frizz asthmatically, fearful for the moment asthmatically, fearful for the moment "Done what?" asked Mrs. Frizz, rethat her weight was beginning to after turning to her previous conviction of in-

"My vacation! Wouldn't it jar you!" and Mrs. Hendy gigged affectedly. "My heavens above, ain't you the brief instant, betrayed into admiration of her neighbor. She recovered herself immediately. "Them as has 'em," she went on, gloomily, "generally gits more one—'twas them that done it," than they bargain for. The man my friend wandered on remiscently.

by a snake—on the leg," she finished, guest, shifting circumstantially. "I hope yours wan't her annoyance Mrs. Hendy refused to be depressed. ties of narrator. "I'll make some tea "Murder!" she remarked pleasantly, an' while we're drinkin' it I'll tell you "Wasn't that fierce! Old man Slawson all about it. to the saloon sees 'em, they say, but I never heard of 'em bitin': Three days through her system was such as to rento the Zoo tomorrow. Yesterday I took ly, wiping her lips chastely with the in the Patrick O'Hara Outin' an' hem of her apron. Amusement association's picnic up the Mrs. Hendy tossed her head with a sound. I tell you straight, Miss Frizz, noticeable girlishness. "As I said, 'twas to bring my hair in. Seems 's if when

fer such monkey business as them picnics," enviously broke in her fascinated friend. "You must be well toward fifty. go to the New Yorks an' Clevelands," An' them flimsy boats-when folks is he says.

It was Mrs. Frizz who thus made their insides, an' a-drowndin' wimin an' appreciation. Me own street is outin'

Mrs. Hendy prudently avoided dison her Spartan way up the fifth had cussion of the fragility of water craft rest o' the pipes!" chanced to behold Mrs. Hendy through and, indeed, passed over the aspersion on her age with less invidiousness than the store-so I went. Last week there

"I ain't so old as some I could name," Mrs. Frizz staggered fleshily in and she contented herself with, and settled sank upon a chair with much the same complacently back in her chair. Eviimpressive impact that a large, fat dently she was allowing herself the

Frizz, with a sigh of endurance.

"I had on that pale blue chambrey o'

mine, that I got fer a dollar eighty-nine

young an' sporty, you know, an' that

white picture hat with the lace cur-

tains around the edge that Miss Whar-

look me age, me bein' slight o' build."

nothin' much about myself, not bein'

Mrs. Frizz stirred convulsively.

"My card," said Mrs. Hendy, with

to the store. Mine says 'Sarah Hendy'

dollars'-which, after all, ain't no lie.

stare of horror and morbid interest-

'Go on," she whispered fearfully.

Frizz breathed out scornfully.

an' the store address.'

applied herself to her teacup.

it lovely-an' I set out.

ton give me an' the-

compassion-so obvious, indeed, that a series of congratulatory smiles fled Mrs. Frizz visibly fretted under it, being intensely sensitive to external impressions. The slight umbrage she took as possible, and then, in the irritation

"My good land, what you gigglin' at

'Me age," Mrs. Hendy replied easily. "'Tain't nothin' to laugh at," Mrs.

Mrs. Hendy giggled again convulsive-In the abandon of her mirth she pulled out several hairpins and let her hair fall about her shoulders. Reachyou goin' up an' down 's much 's you ing over to the window sill she seized have to." She smiled with great corsently to arrange her plentiful locks,

Her movements were watched by Mrs. Frizz with horrified contempt,

mingled with concern. "Bug-house," she murmured darkly. This having little or no effect, she de-manded imperiously: "Sarah Hendy, what in the name o' mercy ails you?" Somewhat restored to her poise by Mrs. Frizz's vigorous questioning, Mrs. Hendy pushed back her errant hair and decisively faced her visitor.

"Won't you never breathe it to a liv-Gus sh'd hear it, my body, he'd-mer-

insinuatingly. "Honest?

"Twas the veils that done it," proceeded Mrs. Hendy, again relapsing into a dreamy state. "The veils an' my good ets, an' me an' the lady got real chatty the bold pieces—" she sighed under her

"They're a-wearin' veils a good deal," went on her friend contemplatively. "So they are a-wearin' hair a good stylish thing!" Mrs. Frizz was, for a deal," Mrs. Frizz contributed rather She points him out in the crowd an'

> "I had on a brown one an' a white "Two hairs?" acidly inquired her

guest, shifting her weight heavily in Mrs. Hendy roused herself to the du- card.'

The strength of the drink percolating vacation do I have-yesterday, today der Mrs. Frizz somewhat more pliaan' tomorrow. Jimmie an' me's goin' up ble. "Well," she remarked ingratiating-

"Git to the story," admonished her my hair come in again everything come friend impatiently. 'Well, Gus bein' away fer the week "I sh'd think you was gittin' too old on a job in Jersey, an' me gittin' my

gittin' on, what I say is, better stay on shore. You don't never hear of the too old fer such jants as—'"

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was real polite an' got me some lemonade-which disagrees with me something fierce-an'-"A good thing, too," muttered Mrs.

THE SALT LAKE HERALD: SUNDAY, MARCH 22, 1908

"How's that?" asked Mrs. Hendy.
"Nothin'? Well, the lady she makes
me eat with them an' she tells her boy all about me, an my hair comin' in like good pavements sinkin', an' blowin' out | "Ugh-huh," grunted Mrs. Frizz with it did, an' me havin' the elegant jobas I'd told her before. He kep' look-Too old-rats!' says Jimmie, just in' at me pretty close, an' begun to act real flirty-did you speak?" like that. I had to laugh. 'Oh, go-wan,'

"I must say he was a nice fellow." he says, 'git under the sink with the Mrs. Hendy proceeded consciously, "Well, I kinda needed a change from again taking up the white celluloid comb and making a few delicate passes

was a woman in to have her haid through her flowing hair. bronzed up a little an' I noticed her particular. She had on two veils—"
"Them will be had on two veils—"
I'm a guilty woman. A "Well, Miss Frizz, you may well say I'm a guilty woman. An' I'm that "Them veils again," interpolated Mrs. ashamed. I didn't encourage 'im none, be it far from me! But when that band "—a white one clost to her face an' begun to play, an' they was dancin', I a brown one over. You couldn't tell give you my word, I couldn't a-kep' my begun to play, an' they was dancin', I nothin' about her looks or age, an' 'twas feet still-no, not if they was a steamnot till I see her face naked that I- boat tied to each of 'em. I don't s'pose well, anyway, thinks I, I'll git me two we danced more'n eight times, an' then of 'em-no tellin' what may happen. I I begun to git kinda nervous thinkin' had my hair done real cute-one o' the what me, a decent married woman, was girls I done a favor for Marcel waved doin'. An' then again, every few minutes, it come over me how the lady "My heavenly home, Miss Frizz, the would be throwin' a fit if she knew crowd that was on that boat—I come near losin' my nerve! More'n a million kinds an' lots of 'em not weaned yet.

Well, I had to laugh. I got so giggly an' hystericy over it that the boy he thinks it's on account o' me havin' the An' wimmin till you was black in the paint.

'What do you wear them veils-'" "Fools," was Mrs. Fizz's sole com-

"Huh!" snorted Mrs. Frizz. "'-for?' he says, an' I says, 'To keep me peaches an' cream complexion from the freckles'-just like that! I had to to the sale, an' it looked real kinda laugh. Ever since I fell down them steps out there-you'd a-died to see me -it give me the rheumatism, an' dancin' so much I begun to feel it in my

Mrs. Frizz supplied with a God-give-'I guess I'll set down and rest me-patience air, "them veils."
"Altogether I looked-well, I didn't a while,' I says to him. 'You go an' git some other lady to spiel with you Mercy to goodness, Miss Frizz, A stertorous cough emanated from 'f he didn't up an' say he didn't want Mrs. Frizz. Mrs. Hendy cast her a no other lady but me-bolder'n brass. glance of suspicion; her guest hastily

"He talked real Swedey-I wisht ! could imitate how he done it. 'twas that "Not bein' acquainted a-tall with funny. An' I begun to git scared. He in' soul?" she asked earnestly. "Fer 'f them as was there, I sorta hung around was fer seein' my face all the time, an an' before long I got to talkin' with a I had to keep actin' kinda kitteny so's Swede lady, I think—a real nice lady- to fool 'im. Fer, Miss Frizz, I leave it "I never tell nothin'," said Mrs. Frizz like widow woman, she was, who was to you if any woman wouldn't be tick-sinuatingly. that rattled keepin' 'em close to her."

"Old fool," flung in Mrs. Frizz blighttries hard enough to fool folks into be-

Mrs. Frizz groaned dismally. "Of all

"Twenty!-thirty!" over the circumstance. I didn't tell 'er breath. 'Finally I sends him to git me a one o' them as has a greased tongue drink o' water an' while he was gone the first time they meet a stranger, but I slipped away an' hid in the crowd. she got to talkin' about her oldest—a Well, when he come back he was just boy o' 20-who drove a ice wagon, an' like a wild Indian runnin' 'round loose was friendly with the boss of 'is ward. huntin' fer me. An' if you'll believe it he tracked me right down in no time. crossly, "but what's that got to do with I do say, Miss Frizz, he was that stylish it?"

Thinks I, 'This is fierce!' An' then he lookin'! The lady, I won't mention no pulls out my card—his mother give it names, says she was real anxious to to him-an' begins to jabber, 'Sarah her get him married off to some nice girl Sarah, Sarah,' till I could a-sunk right with a job-she was a-lookin' fer the through that deck with shame-I could

girl wherever she went, she says.
"What's your name?" she says pret-" 'Gimme that card,' says I, off-hand, ty soon, "an' I ups an' gives her my one.' When I got it back I could a-cried with the relief. I fussed around with it-we was right by the rail-an' the "Give 'er what?" she wheezed hoarsefirst thing it dropped overboard-took by the wind." Mrs. Hendy winked knowingly at Mrs. Frizz, who nedded somberly. "I says, To think it's the careless care. "All us girls have 'em only one I got!' He was madder'n push-cart man when he see it go. 'How 'Poppycock" were the words Mrs. I know where you live?' he says-just like that. 'I'll write to you,' I answers to pacify 'im. With that he makes a "'You got a real swell job,' she says, 'I have, indate to go to hear the band play park next week. I says, 'Yes, Yon, You ain't married, I s'pose?" she says. but nothin' on earth wouldn't git me Well, Miss Frizz, I give you my solthere! emn, dyin' oath, I hadn't no intention

Mrs. Hendy drew a long, virtuous breath.

to deceive ner jolly, but just then the steamboat give an awful toot, an' the "But the worst was when I wasn't little rickety girl falls down an' me, getting all flustered, says right out, lookin'-I might's well be frank-an'an' he tried to hug me! 'I haf found luf on you,' he says, talkin' Swede, 'My lands alive, not fer a thousand My kingdom come, I thought I'd die! Mrs. Frizz's beady fat-embedded If Gus'd a-seen me- 'You take me to eyes were rapidly assuming a glassy your ma,' I hollered-just like them young ladies in the novels. An' just which Mrs. Hendy in the excitement then along comes the old lady, herdin of her thrilling tale failed to observe. children. I nearly up an' kissed her, so glad was I to see 'er. She sends away "Comes eatin' time," continued Mrs. Yon-ain't that the jay name?-an' Hendy with a deprecating air from pretty soon she says to me, 'You're the which she could not entirely banish a girl I been lookin' fer fer Yon! I want trace of satisfaction, "an' my gracious you should marry 'im! Peter, if I hadn't clean forgot to bring

along a bite to eat-now wouldn't that tell you all what that silly old lady says "Well, Miss Frizz, I can't begin to frost you! But the lady was real kind to me. I got so giggly, as I say, thinkan' sends one of her little boys to bring over her oldest to where we was old enough to be his mother, almost—" "Huh." snickered her hearer. she says, 'make you acquainted with

"An' her a-talkin' sentimental right Miss Hendy!' Well to save my soul I I wanted to git up an' give a couldn't up an' tell 'im right there in front o' the whole boat that I was missis. Thinks I. I'll tell 'im later. He words she used-my powers!"
"Second childhood." offered Mrs. Frizz stealthily.

Mrs. Hendy paused for breath and or another dash of tea in her cup. 'Twas excitin'," she continued com-cently. "Well, 'bout eight o'clock placently. ve gits back to New York-an' that's

Mrs. Frizz put her tea cup down on he table with a resolute bang. She rose massively and fixed a glittering eye on er hostess. "An' then," she demanded coldly, "I s'pose you told him how old ou really was-under them veils?" Mrs. Hendy blushed sensitively. Afer a hesitation of some fateful moments she raised her eyes defensively,

No, I didn't.' Mrs. Frizz was speechless with indignation. She edged toward the door, 'No, I didn't, Miss Frizz," Mrs. Hendy proceeded firmly, "an' what's more they ain't no woman on the face of this

earth-I say it bold-that'd a-told, an' you know it!" Mrs. Frizz refused to combat the statement. Instead she asked majes-

"An' wasn't they no more to ically: Mrs. Hendy laughed outright. "He followed me for six blocks, comin' home

an' then I give 'im the slip an' run down alley an' 'round the block again." The outraged Mrs. Frizz raised a prophetic hand. "Sarah Hendy," she affirmed in Cassandra tones, "you mark my words, that there Swede'll find you ome day an' then there'll be doin's! Mrs. Hendy capitulated weakly. "My

stars above, wouldn't that bite you if he

did? Gus'd kill 'im. Oh I'm the wicked woman, ain't I?" "You are that," cordially acquiesced Mrs. Frizz, "an' the saints protect She waddled virtuously away, I thank my Gawd," she called back, that I ain't got no sinful vacations in my life! An' I must say, Sarah Hendy, I never heard a foolisher story in all

my born days-them Osler men ought to Mrs. Hendy aroused herself almost mmediately to a more cheerful view, She wiped away a stray tear or two and removed the teapot from the stove "Pooh!" she called to the retreating back: "wimin is wimin-an' yo're one too. I s'pose they ain't no danger o your ever bein' mistook fer twenty— but if't was even so--" she hummed a strain in unison with the hurdy-gurdy

beneath the windows- "Goodby, little girl, goodby.' "He won't never find me. You won't. won't be wearin' the two veils-ain't is

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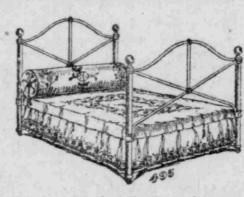


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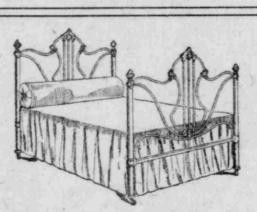
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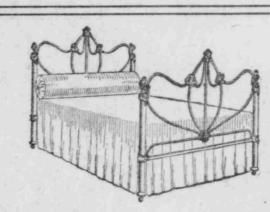
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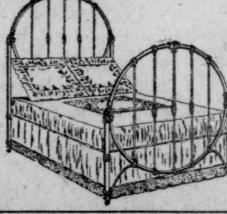
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she considered, gazing earnestly into the tiny looking glass, "fer next time l the limit!'

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